

## Unlost by freakwithacamera (assholemurphy)

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**Summary:**

Rebellious Gryffindor Steve Harrington sets out to prank Filch, but quickly finds himself lost in Hogwarts in the middle of the night, cue the Room of Requirement coming to his rescue. Inside he finds Jonathan Byers, a Hufflepuff with a serious attitude problem, developing photos from a muggle camera. Steve is confused as to why anyone would want anything to do with muggle technology and accidentally offends Jonathan by saying so, which is the last thing he wants, because Jonathan's pretty and Steve wants a chance with him, but his reputation may get in the way, and unless he's willing to try harder, Jonathan wants nothing to do with him.

# Unlost

## Author's Note:

I never write them with their s1 personalities, so I wanted to give it a try. Technically, they don't get together in this, but I do kinda have an idea for a sequel if anyone is interested, so I may write that eventually.

Written for Stonathan Week 2017  
Prompt: Stranger Fusion

It was late and Steve was prowling around the castle, looking to prank Filch or something equally as childish and stupid. He knew he'd get away with it, Peeves would gladly take the blame just to watch McGonagall's head explode when she found out. They had an odd friendship, he and Peeves, born out of mutual boredom and a desire to watch authority figures in distress. It wasn't malicious in intent, more mischievous than anything. His most recent act of rebellion was to transfigure Snape's cup to turn into a live hamster whenever he poured liquid in it. Sure, it was probably cruel to the hamster to be bathed in pumpkin juice so many times in a day, but it was hilarious to watch Snape yank his fingers away as if he'd been bitten, and judging by the bandages he wore the last time Steve had Potions, that was exactly what had happened. It had taken all of his self control not to burst out laughing, but because of it, he'd added too much eye of newt to his potion and caused a minor explosion that had singed his partner's hair and left him with no eyebrows. Needless to say, he'd needed a new partner, so he'd gotten stuck with Nancy Wheeler, a Ravenclaw who'd managed to skip a year of potions and thus, was Snape's favorite student, much to her displeasure.

Maybe Snape had thought that if he put them together, they'd balance out, but he'd spent the whole time doing his best to impress her with tales of his glory and she, in return, told him of the horror stories she had of working with Snape after classes. He was rude to everyone but her, but his praise made her want to gag. Steve couldn't blame her, he was greasy and old, and everyone suspected he was really a Death Eater in disguise. Steve could confirm it, too, he'd seen

the tattoo, but he'd kept that to himself, thinking it'd be better blackmail than gossip. He wondered if Dumbledore knew, but he reckoned he did. Something about the Headmaster didn't sit right with Steve. It was like he was always planning something, always keeping secrets and telling you exactly what you asked to know and not a bit more, leading you to believe you could trust him, when in reality he was more than willing to let you fall to save himself. Or maybe it was just Steve's aversion to authority talking.

But even with all his pranks, Steve was missing something. He wasn't sure what, exactly, as he had everything he could want, save for parents that cared, but he'd convinced himself he was over caring about that, at least, for the most part. He felt an emptiness, and he couldn't quite fill it with anything. He had friends, sure, they weren't the greatest, but they kept him from being lonely, and he had girls, anyone he wanted, even if they weren't quite what he wanted. He liked them, sure, but he'd noticed himself noticing the guys, as well, which wasn't as big of a revelation as it should have been. Steve took it in stride, like he did everything, and didn't let it shake him. Nothing could shake him, nobody could get to him, and that was how he liked it. Or so he'd convinced himself.

But dwelling on things he couldn't, or really, wasn't willing to change wouldn't help anything. He had to look for that stupid cat. If he found the cat, he could put the bell on it and keep it from chasing away the rats, which would annoy Filch, but if he didn't know it was a bell, if he thought it was, say, a bow, then he'd never take it off. He'd even handwritten a note to attach to the collar for when Filch noticed it. Nothing special, a simple *'I think you're purrfect. From your secret admirer.'* Not his best work, but he figured it would do well enough. Filch wasn't going to criticize the lack of originality.

Steve finally found Mrs. Norris in the fourth hallway he checked. He did his best to sneak up on her, but she noticed him when he was less than a foot away and jumped away from his outstretched hands.

"Come on, kitty, I've got a gift for you. It's pretty and pink and you'll love it!" Steve whined, chasing after the cat.

He tried to keep track of where he was going, but they took one too many turns and he found himself in an area of the castle he'd never

been in before, at least, not in the dark, because everything looked different in the dark, and the castle was huge, so he could have been anywhere. So, he did the only thing he could. He turned around and began to wander through the castle, trying to remember the steps he'd taken to get where he was, but it was to no avail. He looked for some kind of marker, a statue or a painting, anything that looked familiar, but he couldn't find anything. He finally found a hallway safe from the prying eyes of the portraits that he swore were laughing at him and sagged against the wall, frustrated and tired. He carded his fingers through his hair and let out a quiet huff, glaring at the wall across from him, knowing he wouldn't be able to find his way back on his own. He'd could wander all night and still be lost.

Slowly, the wall in front of him began to change, taking the shape of a door. He couldn't quite believe it. He knew the castle was magic, but randomly appearing doors? What the hell was that about? He knew he'd read something about this in one of the textbooks he'd actually bothered to open this year. Right! The Room of Requirement, that must be what this was. Maybe inside he'd find a map or a bed or something that would allow him to get some sleep tonight, be it here or back in his own bed in the Gryffindor dorms.

He opened the door slowly, unsure of what he may find, and was greeted by a soft red light and a room full of dark shadows, creating what was arguable the creepiest room he'd been in in the castle. He shrugged and stepped inside, following the light to its source, finding a figure standing before a table with white tubs on it. "Hey?"

The figure jumped, turning around to look at him, "Hello? Is someone else in here?"

It was too dark to make out his features from where Steve stood, he'd have to get closer to really see him, but he was shorter than him, not by much, and smaller, but his voice was what Steve fixated on. It was rough, calming, and gentle, his words hesitant like he was thinking them over before saying them. It instantly put Steve at ease in the dark room, which was more than could be said for the other boy, who had tensed up once he'd heard Steve in the room.

"Yeah, uh, I'm here. What is this place?" Steve asked, walking forward and getting hit in the face with a string that seemed to come

from nowhere. He looked around and noticed several other strings, some with papers hanging off them. "What are you doing in here?"

"Shouldn't that be my line?" The boy questioned, wary. "It's a dark room set up by the Room of Requirement. I'm developing photos."

"Couldn't you just take them to Hogsmeade and get them developed?" Steve moved the string out of the way and started forward again, coming to a stop next to the boy.

"They aren't- No, no, I can't. Who are you, anyway?"

"I'm Steve Harrington. You are?" From here he could make out his features, they were angular and sharp, he looked tired, not like he hadn't slept, but like the world was exhausting to him, and Steve wondered exactly who he was and what made him so wary. Overall, from what he could see, he was cute, cuter than any other guy Steve had seen at the castle, and he thought he knew everyone. Immediately, Steve felt the need to impress him, like he did every pretty person, but something told him he wasn't going to fall for his tricks so easily. That was fine, Steve liked a challenge, and he was pretty sure the boy would be worth it.

"Jonathan Byers. How'd you get here?" He replied, an edge to his voice like something Steve had said was wrong. He turned back to what he was doing, no longer looking at Steve.

Steve shrugged and leaned against the table, "I was chasing a cat and then this door popped up."

"The Room only appears when you need it, so, do you need to develop some photos?" Jonathan asked, looking over at him as he used a pair of tongs to shake a piece of paper in the tub.

"No. Maybe it thought I needed you," Steve flirted, smirking.

"That's ridiculous. Maybe it was a fluke," Jonathan reasoned, paying no attention to Steve's flirting. He sounded puzzled.

"Or maybe you need me," Steve offered. Either way, he needed something in the room, but he didn't think it was going to help him get back to his dorm any time soon. Not that he was going to

complain. He got to spend the night with a pretty boy, that would make up for lack of sleep.

“I need to finish developing my photos, so if you could move, that’d be helpful,” Jonathan told him, holding up a piece of paper with the tongs.

Steve moved out of the way and watched as Jonathan dipped the paper into another tub of foul smelling chemicals and he wondered how he hadn’t died from the fumes yet. Steve had only been in here a few minutes but the fumes were already making his head hurt. Still, he wasn’t going to leave just yet. He didn’t know what his goal for staying was, but maybe if he stayed long enough, he could get Jonathan to go out with him. That would be nice. He hadn’t been out with many of the guys from Hogwarts, as they didn’t really flock to him as easily as the girls, but Steve was willing to put forth more effort for Jonathan.

Steve watched as the photos developed their color before Jonathan hung them on the line. “Why aren’t they moving?”

“It’s a muggle camera,” Jonathan explained.

“Why would you want one of those?” Steve wrinkled his nose in disgust. Who would want a muggle camera when wizarding ones were so much better?

“It was a gift from my mother,” Jonathan shrugged. “I like it.”

“But they don’t move,” Steve frowned, poking at one of the photos on the line.

“Don’t touch it! And they aren’t supposed to.”

Steve pulled his hand back, “What’s the fun in that. It’s so boring.”

“Look, if all you’re going to do is insult my work, then you can get out,” Jonathan snapped.

Steve held up his hands, “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to insult you. I just don’t get it. Maybe you could explain it to me?”

“Why would I do that, Harrington?” Well, alright, Steve could understand his anger. He had been kind of a dick about the camera. Still, he didn’t have to be so rude.

“Someone’s pissy. Look, I want to understand, okay, tell me. I’m all ears, Jonny boy.”

“Don’t call me that.”

“I’ll make you a deal. Explain to me why you like the muggle camera, I’ll won’t call you that.”

Jonathan sighed, annoyed, “Or I could just fucking hex you and be done with it.”

“Oh, but that wouldn’t be much fun. I’m much more fun when not hexed.”

“I’d find it hilarious. Especially if you started spewing toads instead of bullshit.”

“You’re so mean to me. You’re a Slytherin, aren’t you? Always so full of yourselves. I’m just trying to-”

Jonathan cut him off, “Flirt. You’re trying to flirt with me, and I don’t appreciate being toyed with. And for your information, I’m a Hufflepuff.”

“Hufflepuffs aren’t usually this rude.”

“Well, I’m sorry to disappoint.”

Steve smirked, threading the collar between his fingers, “I think you like my flirting.”

“I assure you, I don’t.”

“Then make me leave,” Steve told him, feeling triumphant.

Jonathan looked at him for a moment before sighing, “Honestly, what do you want from me, Harrington?”

“Well, for starters, I’d like to take you out when we go to Hogsmeade next week. Then, I’d like to know why you like this muggle stuff so much. And maybe a kiss, if I’m lucky,” Steve said, doing his best to be charming.

“Please, even if you drank Liquid Luck, I wouldn’t kiss you,” Jonathan huffed, putting more papers in the tub.

“I don’t believe that for a second.”

“Why? Because everyone falls at your feet, ready to do whatever you say? Because you’ve never been told ‘no’ before and don’t know how to take it? Or is it because you expect me to be so overwhelmed by the fact that you’re talking to me that I’ll completely lose all self-respect?”

Steve was taken aback. He wasn’t used to being talked to like that. People usually liked him, liked his flirting. “Have I done something wrong?”

“You’re acting like a jackass,” Jonathan informed him, matter-of-factly.

“Because I’m flirting with you?”

“Because you’re toying with me.”

“I’m not.”

“You really expect me to believe you’re actually interested in me? Please, I’m not that stupid.”

“I am and I do. Why’s it so hard to believe? I think you’re pretty, and you’ve got quite the personality, don’t you? I mean, sure, you’re a bit of a prick, but I’m cool with that.” Steve had dated worse people. Not that Jonathan was even close to that, he just seemed a bit defensive, that was all, and they could get past that.

“You actually want to go out with me?” Jonathan asked with a sigh, not quite believing he was having this conversation.

“Yes. And I’ll prove it to you, anything you want me to do, I’ll do it,”



Steve offered.

“I want you to shut up.”

“I shut up and you’ll go out with me?”

“No. But if you shut up I won’t turn you into a teacup.”

“Why are you so rude?” Steve whined.

“Because I don’t like you.”

“You don’t even know me!”

“I know your reputation.”

Steve was offended. “And so you’re going to judge me based on a few rumors?”

“Yes,” was the simple reply, and Steve wasn’t sure why he expected anything less. He did have quite the reputation, and most of it was true. He dated people often, a new person each week, just because they bored him, and he was quite the rebellious person, getting into trouble more often than almost anyone else, which cost Gryffindor a lot of points, and he supposed they’d hate him if he wasn’t so likable.

Steve fell silent, unsure what else to say until Jonathan flicked on the light with no warning. “God! The fuck?”

“Sorry.” But he didn’t sound sorry at all.

“It’s cool. Nice art.” But Steve wasn’t looking at the photos, he was staring at Jonathan, taking in his features in the light. The shadows had made his features look sharper, but now Steve could see there was a softness to him, a kindness that he didn’t want to expose. His robes were rumpled like he’d slept in them, which was probably the reason for the couch in the corner furthest from the chemicals, and his hair was a mess, but Steve found it endearing. He moved without thinking, reaching out to straighten it a bit, Jonathan blinking at him.

“Excuse me?” Jonathan squeaked out, sounding more startled than offended.

Steve jerked his hand back, "Sorry. I just--"

Jonathan huffed, "It's fine, just don't touch me again. Why are you still here?"

"Truthfully? I kinda don't know how to get back to my dorm," Steve told him with a grimace. He hated how pathetic that sounded. Who got lost in Hogwarts in the middle of the night? It wouldn't have happened if he had just gone to bed like he was supposed to. Or if that damn cat would have held still for a few more seconds. It was both of their faults, really.

Jonathan nodded and began taking down the now dry photos. "I'll show you the way back. You're close to the kitchen now, somewhere between it and the library."

"I'm not even sure how to get to the library during the day," Steve admitted.

"I'll show you." Jonathan sighed and tucked the photos into his bag.

Jonathan lead Steve down the hallways in silence, Steve fiddling with the collar he never got to put on the cat, the bell ringing softly.

Noticing the noise, Jonathan asked, "What is that?"

"A present for Filch." Steve held it out and Jonathan took it, looking it over before reading the note and scoffing.

"This is why I don't like you. You're a needlessly cruel jackass."

"What? It's just a collar."

"It's a trick, I don't know what you did to it, but it's nothing good. And the note is cruel," Jonathan told him, handing it back in disgust.

"I thought it was a nice touch," Steve said, a little hurt. He thought it would be funny.

"Yeah, you would, because you don't see the problem with toying with other people's feelings for your own entertainment," Jonathan snapped, turning around. "You should be able to find your way from

here.”

“Stop,” Steve reached out, grabbing Jonathan’s arm only to have it jerked away.

“What?” Jonathan hissed.

“Give me a chance? If you don’t want me to fuck with Filch anymore, then I won’t, okay? You’re right, it was a dick move, and I have no excuse for it.” Steve knew he was right, he didn’t know why Jonathan cared, it didn’t affect him, but he wanted to make him stop looking at him like he was a disappointment. He didn’t know what made Jonathan so special or why his opinion mattered so damn much, but it did. Jonathan was rude and antisocial and yet, Steve wanted to befriend him. He liked him, a lot, and if he had to change himself to make Jonathan happy, he would. It wasn’t like he really liked the person he was now, anyway. “I’ll do better. Give me a chance, okay?”

“I’m not going to fix you.” Steve wasn’t Jonathan’s responsibility and he wasn’t going to baby him and help him understand the error of his ways, that was for Steve to do on his own.

“I’m not asking you to. I’ll fix myself, I just- I don’t know why I like you, but I do, and I want to be better, but no one’s ever called me on my shit before.” No one had ever cared to.

Jonathan considered it for a moment before asking, “What do you want from me?”

“Just one date.” Steve held up a finger. “One date before you judge me.”

“I’m not going to date you until you’ve got your shit together.”

“The hang out with me. We don’t have to be alone, either. I’m studying with Nancy Wheeler tomorrow, in the library, if I can find it. Come study with us. It’s obvious you could use some friends, too. I mean, you sleep in a dark room. It’s not healthy to be so antisocial,” Steve rambled on.

Jonathan sputtered, offended even though Steve was right, “I didn’t ask-”

“Just come, okay?”

Jonathan sighed “No flirting?”

“I’ll be on my best behavior,” Steve promised.

“I’m sure that’s not saying much.”

“Jonathan-”

“What time?” Jonathan asked, giving in. He may as well. Worst case scenario, he didn’t like them and left. Maybe it would be nice to make some friends.

Steve smiled, “After dinner, we’re leaving from the Hall.”

“Fine. I’ll meet you in the library,” Jonathan told him, getting ready to leave again.

“Or you could meet us after dinner and we could walk together, since we’ll be there anyways,” Steve suggested. Why not go all at once, since they had to eat beforehand.

“I don’t eat in the Great Hall. I get food from the kitchen,” Jonathan explained with a shrug.

“Why not?”

“Because I’m antisocial. Mind your own business, Harrington.”

“I still think you should have been a Slytherin, you’ve got the attitude down. But who am I to question the Hat?”

“Just go to bed.”

Steve gave him one last smile before he walked away, calling after him, “Night, Jonathan.”

As Steve watched his retreating form, he realized the Room had been right in appearing to him. The Room of Requirement gave people what they needed most, and Steve supposed that was Hogwarts’s way of telling him he needed Jonathan, and truthfully? He didn’t

disagree. Maybe it would be for the better to have someone who would call him on his shit and give him a reason to try harder. And he would try harder. Something told him Jonathan would be worth changing for, and even if they didn't work out, Steve would be better for it, and he owed that to himself.

**Author's Note:**

Thanks for reading! Catch me on tumblr:  
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